Then taking him from thence that is not there,
You breake no priuiledge nor charter there:
Oft haue I heard of sanctuary men,
But sanctuary children neuer till now.
Car. My Lo: you shall ouerrule my minde for once:
Come on Lo: Hastings will you go with me?
Hast. I go my Lord.
Prin. Good Lords make all the speedy hast you may:
Say Vnckle Gloucester, if our brother come,
Where shall we sojourne till our coronation?
Glo. Where it seemes best vnto your royall selfe:
If I may councell you, some day or two,
Your highnes shall repose you at the tower:
Then where you please, and shalbe thought most fit
For your best health and recreation.
Prin. I doe not like the tower of any place:
Did Iulius Cæsar build that place my Lord?
Buc. He did, my gratious Lo: begin that place,
Which since succeeding ages haue re-edified.
Prin. Is it vpon record, or els reported
Successiuely from age to age he built it?
Buc. Vpon record my gratious Lo:
Pri. But say my Lo: it were not registred,
Me thinkes the truth should liue from age to age,
As twere retailde to all posterity,
Euen to the generall all-ending day.
Glo. So wise, so young, they say doe neuer liue long.
Pri. What say you Vnckle?
Glo. I say without characters fame liues long:
Thus like the formall vice iniquity,
I morallize two meanings in one word.
Pri. That Iulius Cesar was a famous man,
With what his valour did enrich his wit,
His wit set downe to make his valure liue:
Death makes no conquest of this conquerour,
For now he liues in fame though not in life:
Ile tell you what my Cosen Buckingham.
Buc. What my gratious Lord?

Prin.

Prin. And if I liue vntill I be a man,
Ile winne our auncient right in France againe,
Or die a souldier as I liude a King.
Glo. Short summers lightly haue a forward spring.

Enter young Yorke, Hastings, Cardinall.

Buc. Now in good time here comes the Duke of Yorke.
Pri. Rich. of Yorke how fares our louing brother?
Yor. Well my dread Lo: so must I call you now.
Pri. I brother to our griefe as it is yours:
Too late he died that might haue kept that title,
Which by his death hath lost much maiesty.
Glo. How fares our Cosen noble Lo: of Yorke?
Yor. I thanke you gentle Vnckle. O my Lo:
You said that idle weedes are fast in growth:
The Prince my brother hath outgrowen me farre.
Glo. He hath my Lo:
Yor. And therfore is he idle?
Glo. Oh my faire Cosen, I must not say so.
Yor. Then he is more beholding to you then I.
Glo. He may command me as my soueraigne,
But you haue power in me as in a kinseman.
Yor. I pray you Vnckle giue me this dagger.
Glo. My dagger little Cosen, with all my heart.
Pri. A begger brother?
Yor. Of my kind Vnckle that I know will giue,
And being but a toy, which is no griefe to giue.
Glo. A greater gift then that, Ile giue my Cosen.
Yor. A greater gift, O that's the sword to it.
Glo. I gentle Cosen, were it light enough.
Yor. O then I see you will part but with light gifts,
In weightier things youle say a begger nay.
Glo. It is too heauy for your Grace to weare.
Yor. I weigh it lightly were it heauier.
Glo. What would you haue my weapon little Lord?
Yor. I would, that I might thanke you as you call me.
Glo. How? *Yor.* Little.
Pri. My Lo: of Yorke will still be crosse in talke:
Vnckle your grace knowes how to beare with him.

Yor.